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A Member of the Penal Press

Volume VIII
December

Number 2
1966

STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	21 959	Low Number	6 235
Population Inside	326	Rothe Hall	174
Women's Quarters	8	Ranches	11
Misc. Trusties	5	Total Count	534

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About the Cover

"OUT FROM UNDER" by Don Fletcher. "Well," says the youngster,"we all get in peculiar positions--Sometimes!"

An editorial in the September, 1962, edition of Progress--organ of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company --called attention to some of the reasons for the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Among these were:

1. "The undermining of the dignity and sanctity of the home, which is the basis of human society.

2. "The mad craze for pleasure; sports becoming every year more exciting, more brutal, more immoral.

3. "The decay of religion; faith fading into mere form, losing touch with life, losing power to guide people."

These conditions are not confined to the United States; they are well-nigh universal. Moral disease has become a global epidemic. Almost everywhere crime is on the increase--not only in the number of cases recorded but in the measure of their cruelty, violence, and ruthlessness.

True, every generation since the dawn of history has had its criminal elements. Every country and community has had its murderers, thieves, and adulterers. But today, with the vast increase in the world's population, the rise of big cities with their teeming, congested millions, the arrival of new methods of mass communication, the downgrading of moral standards, and the gradual erosion of moral principles, the problem of lawlessness has assumed new and frightening proportions.

What is behind all of the crimes of today? If I may be so bold,I'll answer in two words--"stinking thinking."

Not only are bad thoughts behind the crimes of the day; they are causing all kinds of mental breakdowns, and even suicides. This leads us to what I want to discuss in this editorial--Mental Health.

The problem of mental health ranks, along with heart trouble and cancer, as one of the three major illnesses in the world today. Montana, as a small part of that world, is involved with this problem--and seems to be destined to become even more so in future years.

Over the past two years I have been impressed by the awakening awareness of the people of Montana concerning our state's mental health problems and what needs to be done about them. The news media in this state have publicized the need for more psychiatrists and psychologists to be placed on the staff at the State Hospital at Warm Springs, the need for a full-time psychiatrist to be employed at the Montana State Prison, and the need for more clinics and staffs in various cities in the state--particularly in eastern Montana. 302,946 mentally ill patients were treated in Montana's state and county hospitals in 1964 at a cost of $2,281.27 per patient--both the number of patients and cost per patient have risen each year since 1950, and will continue to do so. But percentage wise the number of adequately trained personnel has not kept pace.

These needs are made clearer when we consider:

1. "At the present rate one out of every twelve children born each year will need to go to a mental hospital some time during his life because of severe mental illness.

2. "At least nine million Americans--one in every sixteen--are suffering from a mental or emotional disorder.

3. "One out of every two patients going to a medical doctor is suffering from a mental or emotional disorder.

4. "Today there are about 650,000 patients in mental hospitals. This is as many as there are in all other hospitals combined."--information via Mr. B. C. Miles, Director of Classification and Treatment.

I mentioned in my first editorial (October edition) that I am a stong advocate of psychological aids--and especially so in prison reform. I advocate private and group therapy, psychoanalysis, and bibliotherapy--all

under the guidance of a psychiatrist, psychologist, or other competently trained person. Benjamin Franklin said, "He that won't be counselled can't be helped."

Relating these things to crime and prisoners, there are two major goals--helping people avoid making the mistakes that lead to crime and incarceration, and helping those who are already incarcerated to gain the constructive thinking necessary for responsible citizenship.

"Not to ridicule or sentimentalize about abnormal individuals (Is an active criminal normal?), but to understand and help them is the aim of mental hygiene. The line between the normal and abnormal is not always clearly drawn. Since abnormality is a matter of degree as well as of kind, people may be at their best under some conditions but not under others. Some people are born hopelessly defective. Nature has never given them a chance. Others have been given a chance, but accident, infection, or bad training may diminish their chances for growth to superior adjustment and mastery. The nature of mental disease is not fully known, and it is wise to keep in mind always that psychology is still in the experimental stage.

"When an individual has not made the progress we note most individuals have made at his age, we say he is retarded. Retardation may be due to a lack of capacity as well as to lack of suitable training. In a given case it is sometimes difficult even for an expert to tell the difference between the two cases."--via Mr. Miles.

Most of the psychiatrists of our day consider crimes and criminals to be the result of criminal attitudes. "Crimes are due," says Dr. Karl Menninger, "to conscious and/or subconscious thoughts,and are outward expressions of these." Because of this knowledge there is hope for almost every person who is incarcerated--thru re-education a person's thought processes can be changed for the better.

I'm well aware that some inmates consider themselves hopeless. "I can never change. I'm what I am because..." Then comes a "passing of the buck" of their responsibility for their crime unto heredity(parents, grandparents, etc.) or environment (families, friends, communities, etc.--Dr. V. Alfieri has said, "Society prepares the crime; the criminal commits it.").

There is no doubt that most mental illnesses develop from early childhood and that both heredity and environ-

ment play roles in this, so I'm not disputing this fact. But once we understand how they play their part in our lives we can and should decide for ourselves what our actions should be in relation to them. No inmate is hopeless until he himself has given up all hope for himself--and that, say our most prominent psychiatrists, "is an admission to being insane." I doubt if we are completely insane yet!

In his study, Delinquency and Concept of Identification, Dr. Donald George Lederman says, "Most authors in the field of delinquency (primarily juvenile, but also including some adult delinquency) today stress the importance of not looking for a single explanatory concept for antisocial behavior...

"Although there is much overlap and interdependence, faulty identification is seen as leading to delinquency in three major ways. These are: (1) disturbances in or absence of parental and authority identification (the child cannot relate to mother or father), (2) the presence of antisocial identifications (the child cannot relate correctly with school, church, etc.), and (3) the basic inability to identify with anyone (friends, neighbors, teachers, etc.)." Without such identification we become rebellious towards all authority--one of the many reasons for law violations and disrespect for invested authority such as law enforcement officers.

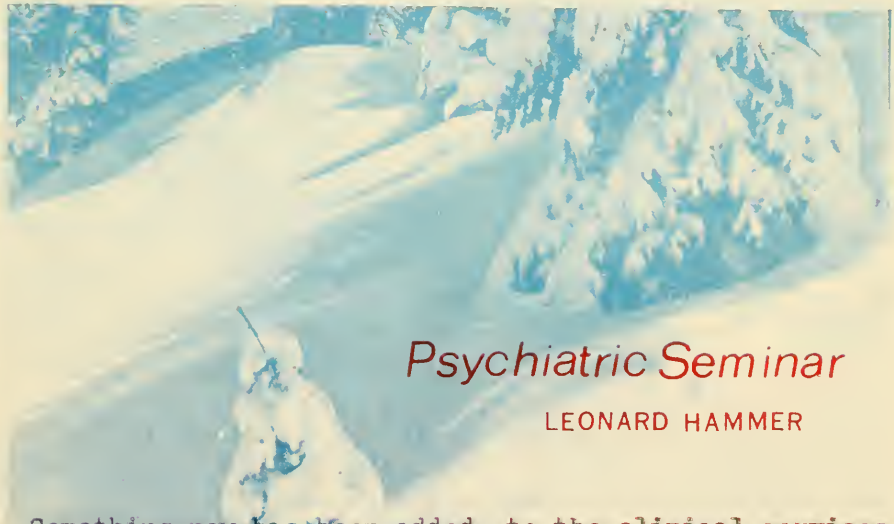
When we come right down to it, we are asked practically every day to apply principles of psychoanalysis to ourselves--at home, on the job, at play, wherever we may be. The "personal inventory" of the Alcoholics Anonymous program, many of the statements of our religious faiths, and even some of the rules for good sportsmanship are the same thing in layman's language. Psychoanalysis, or "self-study," is not only a medical subject --it is primarily educational.

Here at M. S. P., we have in the prison school, in the social service department (see pages 7 and 31), and in the recreational activities (both clubs and sports) many things that can be utilized towards developing sound mental health. From the Montana State Library in Helena we can obtain books written by such prominent psychiatrists as Dr. Caron Horny, Dr. Robert Lindner, Dr. Louis Kaplan, Dr. Harry Overstreet, Dr. Curt S. Watchtel, Dr. Sigmund Freud, and Dr. Karl Menninger. Some of these books are designed with the layman specifically in mind

as the reader. With them sound programs of bibliotherapy ("therapy thru books") can be undertaken (One caution: To avoid rationalizations the guidance of a person trained in psychology is recommended.). Dr. Harry Xanthopoulos, who comes to the Montana State Prison at least once each week from the State Hospital at Warm Springs, has helped several of the inmates undertake such studies, besides guiding inmates in both private and group therapy.

Definite progress is being made in the field of mental health here at M. S. P. As with all such programs that can help us to regain our place in a free society, I'm sure most inmates appreciate the aids we do have--and, like most people elswhere, look forward to more advancements in "their community" in the future.

In closing, may we of the M. P. NEWS staff wish you a Merry Christmas, and may you prosper and be in good health throughout the New Year!



Psychiatric Seminar

LEONARD HAMMER

Something new has been added to the clinical services at the Montana State Prison. This something is a Psychiatric Seminar which is beneficial in two ways; it aids the inmate participating as well as gives aid in knowledge to the nurses that attend and are studying in psychiatry.

On November 30, 1966 a group of 46 nurses from Warm Springs State Hospital attended one of the beginning seminars held here, under the direction of Doctor Harry C. Xanthopoulos, consulting psychiatrist for this insti-

tution.

Three inmates took part in this seminar, each being interviewed separately. There was a run-down on the background of each inmate and questions were asked by Doctor "X" that were high points in this individual's life. At the end of this period there was a question and answer period by the nurses themselves to the individuals.

Another two-fold purpose to this seminar was: (1) professional evaluation of each prisoner's progress prior to his incarceration to the present. (2) An intern study for in-service training on the behavioral sciences. One of the young ladies present was heard to say, "This was a most interesting and educational experience."

On December 2nd, the inmate population, along with the usual number of outside visitors were entertained as the second fight card of the season got under way in the Wm. Clark Theatre with the M.S.P. All-Staters doing battle with the Anaconda Job Corps and Helena.

This was the second fight card staged thus far this year and it was a dandy as the M.S.P. boxers chalked up seven wins and four losses. Five of the wins came via the K.O. route. The Anaconda Corps squad managed to win three, while dropping seven. Helena split winning one and losing one.

The ring announcer for the evening was Rocco Laurence, who did a very fine job. The referee for the events was Bud Groover. Counting for the knockdowns was Mr. Yankowski. Judges were Mr. Tony Sneiberger and Mr. Larry

Roof. Corner men for M.S.P. were Mickey Dial and Larry Hypine. Music was provided by the Western Band.

The first bout of the evening pitted two Helena boys against each other in an exhibition bout. They were Bill Bernhardt, 112 lbs., and Richard Wagner, 112 lbs. Bernhardt was the winner by a unanimous decision.

In the first featured bout of the evening, Larry Roth, 132, M.S.P., found himself a TKO victem at the hands of Don Wood, 132, Helena. Wood dropped Roth for the eight count in the first round, and with 1:50 gone in the second round Wood was declared the winner as MSP corner man Mickey Dial threw in the towel to save Roth from further punishment.

In bout number three Ben Lodge, 145 MSP, found the range as King, 150 Job Corps, ran out of gas. The first two rounds were fairly even but, as I mentioned, King ran out of gas and Lodge found the range to cop the verdict by a K. O. in 1:54 in the third round.

Cloyce Little Light, 156 MSP, wasted no time keeping the K. O. string going as he flattened Stan Johnson, 154 Job Corps, in 1:59 of the first round. Johnson came out in the opening minutes of the round with the famous "Ali Shuffle," made famous by Cassius Clay. But, Little Light stalked him (like a good Indian) and in short order put the bombs to him.

In the fifth bout, Dennis Beauchamp, 170 MSP, chalked up another victory for the All-Staters as he scored a clean K. O. over May, 170 Job Corps, in 1:28 of the second round. A right hand bomb to the head of May spelled curtains for the Anaconda lad.

The sixth fight saw MSP's K. O. streak come to an end as Rene Narvarro, 173 MSP, gained a unanimous decision over Griffin, 173 Job Corps. Griffin had the height and reach advantage on Rene but the MSP lad scored repeatedly with the over-hand right to the head of Griffin, and this meant defeat for the Anaconda boy. All the judges saw Rene ahead, by scores of 60-59, 59-56, and 59-58.

Two heavyweights squared off in the seventh bout, and John Michel, 194 MSP, ran into a peck of trouble, namely McCue, 195 Job Corps. McCue unleashed a wicked right hand shot to the head of Michel in the first round, to drop him for the eight count. Moments later McCue again uncorked another right to send Michel back to the canvas again. In the second round McCue's right hand proved to be a most effective weapon as he used it to send Michel

down twice more for the count to end MSP's win streak and cop Anaconda's first win of the evening, via T.K.O. in 1:26 of round two.

Fred Harter found himself coming out on the short end all the way around in the eighth bout as his opponent, Young, 165 Anaconda, had the height and reach advantage and used it to his advantage to drop Harter in the second round with a hard right hand lead to the head. The judges saw Young as the winner by scores of 59-54, 60-54, 60-54.

Jim Spurlock, 137 MSP, gained a unanimous decision over Wilson, 137 Job Corps, in the ninth bout of the evening. Jim showed he knew his way around the ring and scored enough to gain the favor of two of the Judges, by scores of 60-59, 59-58; one judge had it 59-58 in favor of Wilson.

Manual Pena, 151 MSP, used every means available in going the route with Humphrey, 150 Job Corps. Manual matched the "Ali" shuffle of Humphrey's with the Mexican double-clutch as both boys seemed reluctant to hit each other. However the Anaconda lad managed to land enough blows to garner the win for the Job Corps. The scores on this bout were, 60-59, 60-57, 60-54. (Note: Arthur Murray ain't got nothin' on either of these boys.)

Don Spadt, 145, got MSP back on the victory and K.O. route as he made Mitchell, 145 Job Corps, his victim via a TKO in the third round. There was some controversy over this bout when Mitchell climbed out of the ring claiming foul, flatly stating that Spadt had bitten him. (Oh well, can't win them all.) However, referee Bud Groover awarded the fight to Spadt of MSP. The first two rounds were fairly even, but Spadt did land the more telling blows. But, the big blow came in the third round with 1:59 gone when Mitchell hollered "foul."

In the main event, Mel Weasel Boy brought a sweet conclusion to a most enjoyable evening for the MSP boxing fans as he chalked up his second K. O. in as many fights this year. Dick Wood found himself the unfortunate victim of Weasel Boy.

In the first round both boys uncorked some pretty potent leather and it looked as though our boy was in for a pretty rough evening. But, in the second round Mel took charge and looked even better in this fight than the first outing. With 30 seconds gone in the second Mel unleashed a barrage of real dynamite to the head and

body of Wood. The finishing blow came when Mel shot a WHAMMY to the short-ribs of Wood, which set the stage for Weasel Boy and spelled defeat for the Helena youth.

All in all, I'd say that everyone had an enjoyable evening and the boys that fought should be congratulated for their fine performance. And, as I said before, the boys that were lacking in finesse and experience made up for it in raw courage; and, with a little more training and a few more fights, our boys will prove to be pretty tough.

Also, Mr. Gene Ronnemose should be commended for the fine job he is doing with the MSP fighters and for making these fights possible.

As far as the sports go in the institution, there really isn't too much happening with the weather being what it is. About the only sports that are in right now are boxing and weight-lifting.

SPORT SHORTS

Joe Allen, MSP, 163 lbs.(the world's strongest midget) is just 10 lbs. shy of the National Bench Pressing record in his weight division. (Middle weight 165 lbs.) The record is 350 lbs. and the mighty midget has benched 340 lbs. strict.

Did you know that Jim Brown who played in the National Football League from 1957 through 1965 never missed a game because of injuries in any of his nine full seasons with the Cleveland Browns as full-back in pro football? It's kind of amazing when you consider how many times Brown carried the ball and also when you consider the beating he took from tacklers game after game. (Via Billings Gazette)

Rose Bowl Classic

The selection of USC over UCLA as Purdue's opponent in the Rose Bowl didn't look any better after the Notre Dame USC game (51-0) but, UCLA wouldn't have been much improvement. When one stops and tries to figure it out, what the AAWU should have done was pick the University of Santa Clara, because Santa Clara beat San Francisco State. San Francisco State beat Cal Poly of San Luis Obispo. San Louis Obispo beat Los Angeles State. Los Angeles State beat Long Beach State. Long Beach State beat University of Pacific. University of Pacific beat

San Jose. San Jose beat California. California beat Washington. Washington beat UCLA. UCLA beat USC. So as to just how AAWU arrived at the selection of USC to oppose Purdue is sort of baffling when you try to figure it out. (Would you believe Montana State?) Taken from Sports Illustrated.

Scoring Record

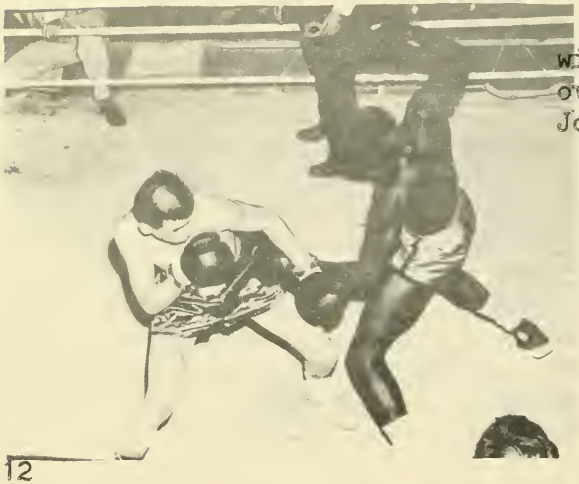
Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers holds the National League scoring record for one season, scoring 176 points which he set in 1960. He scored 15 T.D.'s, 41 P.A.T.'s and 15 field goals.

Well, I guess that is about it from the sports scene this month. So, until next time.

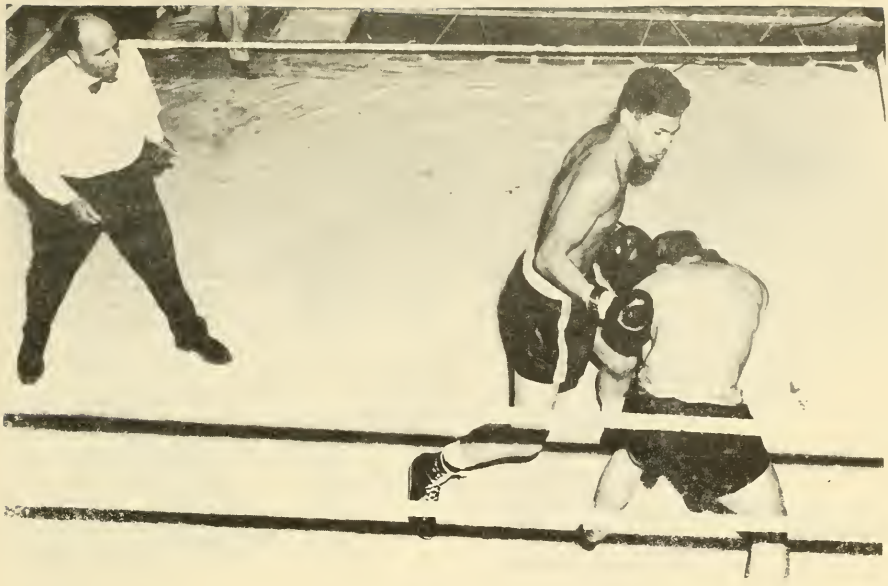
WILLIE

(The world's second strongest midget!)

Right: Lodge of M.S.P. winning by a K. O. over King of the Job Corps.

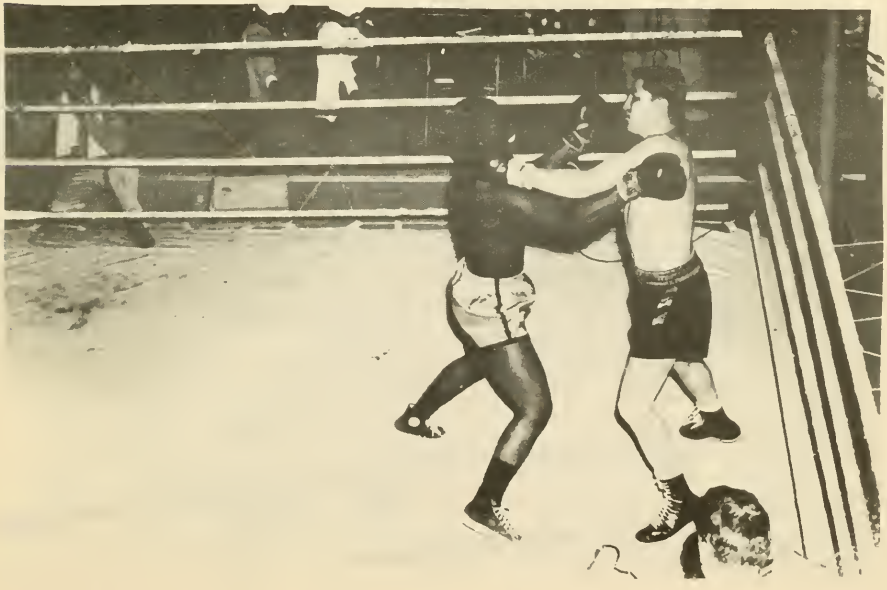


Left: Jim Spurlock winning a decision over Wilson of the Job Corps.



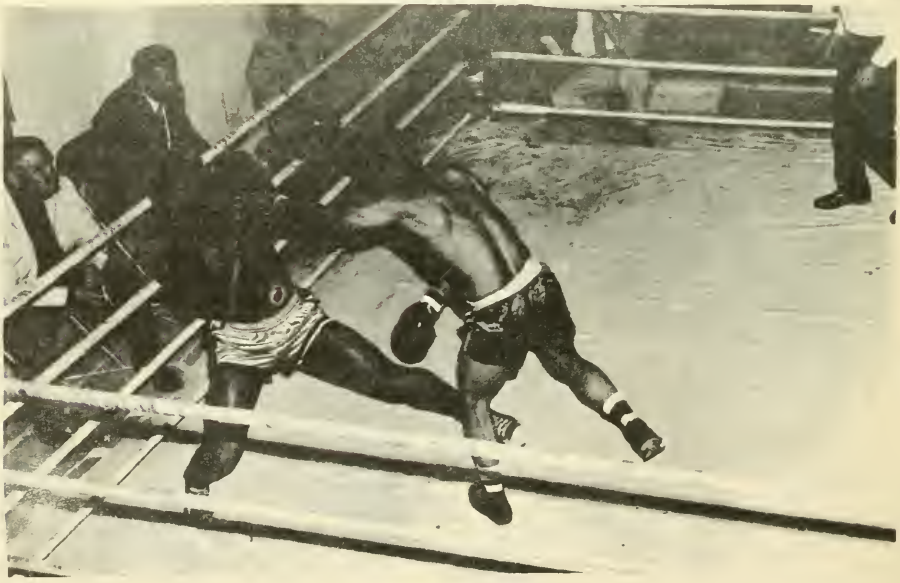
Above: Weasel Boy delivering a right to the body of his opponent, Wood.

Below: Dennis Beauchamp of M. S. P. vs. May of the Anaconda Job Corps.



Above: McCue of Anaconda Job Corps unleashing right to floor Michel of M. S. P.

Below: Manual Pena of M. S. P. versus Humphrey of the Anaconda Job Corps.



Les Belles

THERESA CLOSE

Hello again!

Count call is never at a stand still "at this here place." (6 - 7 - 8)(8 - 7 - 6) seem to be most popular, give or take. Add "Naomi," the latest arrival.

This month? Very interesting--anyways (we) seem to think so.

"Marilyn" has gone from one extreme to the other. "My guess," she doesn't hold a fancy to domestic chores. Cuz she has taken up (Conchology), only to have a short! short! career. Disaster Struck! when the only shells to be found were (Egg-Shells). What else? H-m-m, wonder if "Egg Shell Soup" is next on the agenda. (Relax Girls) She was seen watering our house plants, with Egg Shell Soup? Her reply, "Of course! Think of all the lime wasted had I thrown away the shells." Ha! Ha! They're coming to take me away--

Evelyn, the Austrian method of Math is real simple. The important factor to remember is what must be added to the "subtrahend" to make the "minuend." Now you're on your own! Only one last tip--don't sweat the small change.

Would you believe, Green Fields? With the holidays just around the corner!

Leona has "No Zip Code Blues." Her "Ten Buck Two" sounds wonderful.

Mary is to be commended on a job well done. And to prove this statement, she now holds a custodian job in

the Administration Office. Mary, we miss the tidiness already!

Dorothy and Naome, still very puzzled, are getting along.

Myself? I can only add to this by saying we do get serious--"Occasionally." Need I say more?

Bye for now,
Theris

Hints to Hobby-ers

EVELYN OLSON

As I have recently taken over the duties of taking care of the hobby counter I have discovered a few things I think would be of interest to those who keep the counter supplied with hobbies for sale.

The billfolds that are sent out are good selling items--except that most of the people would like ones with zippers in them.

Another item that would sell, I'm sure, is jewelry. A good selection of jewelry would attract a great deal of attention in the counter.

I have also had a lot of enquiries about large purses. Most of them on the counter are a small size.

I hope these things will help you in deciding what you want to make for the counter.

Evelyn

"Did you say 25 years?"

Classified Section

PERSONALS

FLOSSIE - Sell the plates. In 40 years they will have changed currency. Charlie.

HARRIET - I'm sorry I punched you in the eye. Please hire an attorney for me. Joe.

FINGERPRINTS REMOVED PERMANENTLY - See Hatchet Harry at Butcher Shop.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LICENSE PLATE FACTORY FOR SALE. Well established business. Fine opportunity for enterprizing person. Please make your enquiries confidential to - Light Finger Louie - Montana State Prison.

POULTRY FARM - I am willing to either lease or sell out-right this flourishing business. See Turkey Pete for further information.

EMPLOYMENT
HELP WANTED - Male

LOCKSMITH - Full or part time. Contact Louie in Cell #3 after midnight.

ATTORNEY - Must be experienced in handling appeals and working for lost causes. Contact "Writ Writing" Riley, Isolation Section, Montana State Prison.

LABORERS - Will hire three men who are experienced in digging tunnels. Top wages for men who are willing to work odd hours. Direct reply to Hot Foot Harry, Cell Block #1, M. S. P.

EXPLOSIVE TECHNICIAN - Have need for man who can remove a portion of thick stone wall with one blast. Must furnish own explosives and should have commando experience.

FOR RENT

TWO ROOM BRIDGE - Railroad bridge on west side of town. Only two trains daily. Close to Salvation Army and store that handles Canned Heat and cheap wine. Sides have been covered with top grade card board and furnished with two back seats from 1936 Hudson. Will take long term lease.

FOR SALE

CHEAP - One slightly used escape plan. Contact Rocky, Maximum Security.

LIKE NEW CHECK PROTECTOR. Only used once by present owner. Serial numbers have been removed and cannot be traced. Will have no need for this machine for the next twenty years, so will sell for $10.00 worth of commissary. Bum Check Charlie.

OBITUARIES

LEAD FOOT LARRY, alias John Smith, Joe Smith, Jack Smith, and Jim Smith. Died of shock when informed his job plan for parole had been approved. He is survived by 14 Wardens of various penal institutions.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST - ONE PARTNER, GIRL FRIEND AND BAG OF LOOT - Last seen heading south on back roads in my new car. Send information to Fall Guy Frank, Montana State Prison.

SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTIONS

PENMANSHIP AND HANDWRITING - Expert instruction in signature signing. Also tips on how to beat handwriting experts. "Hank" The Paper Hanger, Cell #2, evenings.

ELECTRONICS - The latest designs and information on burglar alarms and time locks. Post graduate course is now offered at special reduced price to former students who have returned to the institution.

LEARN TO ALTER BRANDS WITH A RUNNING IRON - It is a known fact that most cattle rustlers are caught because of sloppy brand changing. Eliminate blotchy work. Sign up now and you will be able to EAT MORE BEEF. Send your application and tuition fee to Cowboy Clyde, Ranch #1.

SCHOOL FOR MAKE-UP AND DISGUISE - Archie the Actor has announced that he will conduct winter class on the art of make-up and disguise This is a golden opportunity to learn to change your appearance and become a successful crook.

Seasons' Greetings

to

All Our Readers

COMING ATTRACTIONS

At the W. A. Clark Theater

JAN 7	THOSE CALLOWAYS	The story of a remarkable family. Together, they laughed, loved and fought for a dream as big as the sky.	Brian Keith, Vera Miles, Brandon de Wilde, Walter Brennan, Ed Wynn and Linda Evans. In Technicolor.

JAN 14

It's a HIGH-FLYIN' TEEN-AGE BLAST!

tommy leon frank and arthur

ANNETTE KIRK AMES FAYLEN O'CONNELL

JAN 21	OLD YELLER	Dramatic adventure of a homely yellow dog and the part he played in a family's fight to conquer a wilderness.	Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker and Chuck Connors. In Technicolor. (A re-release)
JAN 28	THAT DARN CAT	A Siamese cat goes to work as an undercover agent for the FBI. Hayley Mills heads the cast in this off-beat comedy-thriller.	Hayley Mills, Dean Jones, Dorothy Provine, Roddy McDowall, Elsa Lanchester, Frank Gorshin, Ed Wynn, William Demarest, Tom Lowell and Richard Deacon. In Technicolor.

FEB 4

A madcap marital romp with an engaging young couple and their family of dogs, a mob of dachshunds and a great Dane, who thinks he's a dachshund. Programmed with "Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree."

ROTHE HALL

JAN

EVERYONE ENJOYS A GOOD MOVIE

JAN 14

BEHOLD A PALE HORSE *

Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, Omar Sharif, Mildred Dunnock, Marietto Angeletti

FAIL SAFE *

Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau, Fritz Weaver

FAIR WIND TO JAVA

Fred MacMurray, Vera Ralston, Robert Douglas, Victor McLaglen, John Russell, Buddy Baer

A robust and roaring drama of piracy and adventure on the Java Sea — lavish in spectacle and rich in the atmosphere of the Far East. Captain Ball, in a spirited race for hidden treasure, must contend with mutiny aboard his own ship and capture by pirates.

JAN 21

JAN 28

HOME OF THE BRAVE

(Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, Steve Brodie)

A Parents Magazine Special Merit Award Winner, this Stanley Kramer production is a story of extraordinary suspense, set against a background of men at war, and the barrier of intolerance.

FEB 4

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME **John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Ian Hunter, Ward Bond, Barry Fitzgerald. Directed by *John Ford;* screenplay by Dudley Nichols, based on four one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill.** A Swedish sailor aboard the British freighter *Glencairn,* during early World War II, is anxious to leave the sea. The crew try to help him but the bonds are too strong, and they find themselves forever tied to their ships. A splendid document which, like the sea, is alternately forbidding, undulant, relentless and indomitable. 132 minutes.

Defense of Parole

REX FLETCHER

(Editor's Note: The entire name of this article, which has been condensed, is REX FLETCHER SPEAKS OUT IN ABLE DEFENSE OF PAROLE, and was published in the November 5th, 1965 edition of the Minnesota State Prison's publication THE PRISON MIRROR.)

Statistics show, in state after state, that a person released from prison on parole has a far greater chance of making good than one who is made to serve his full sentence and is discharged. There are several reasons for this.

First, a man released on parole must have suitable employment waiting for him on the outside. He is under rather strict supervision and must make regular reports to his parole officer. He is not permitted to frequent taverns and cannot associate with persons of bad character. He must hold a regular job that pays a livable wage, and if he has a family, he must support them. He is not permitted to leave the district to which he is assigned.

In short, a person on parole must conduct himself in a much more exemplary manner than the average citizen.

Compare the parolee, then, with a person who serves his full term and is discharged, with no strings attached. He has no job waiting for him and often no home to go to. He is under no restriction whatever, and he can go where he chooses. Moreover, he is usually bitter, angry and discouraged--a prime candidate for trouble.

The offense of murder is generally regarded as one of the most serious of all crimes. Thus, in order to gain a proper perspective of the importance, value, and safety of parole, it will be well to check a few statistics on paroled murderers.

In California, between 1947 and 1960, there were 342 convicted murderers released on parole. Of that number, only 37 violated their parole.

In Connecticut, between 1947 and 1960, 60 convicted murderers were released on parole---after serving an average of 15 years in prison. Only seven of them violated their parole.

In Maryland, between 1936 and 1961, 37 prisoners who were serving life for murder were paroled; after serving an average of 16 years in prison. Only nine of them violated parole.

In Massachusetts, between 1900 and 1958, ten lifers who were convicted of murder were paroled; after serving an average of 22 years in prison. Of those ten, only two violated parole--both for "indiscreet behavior."

In Ohio, between 1945 and 1960, a total of 169 prisoners serving time for murder were paroled; after serving an average of 23 years in prison. Only ten of them were returned to prison as parole violators, and only two for the commission of another felony.

In Rhode Island, between 1915 and 1958, 19 convicted murderers were released on parole. Only two of them violated parole.

In Michigan, between 1938 and 1959, 164 first-degree murderers were released on parole. Only four had to be returned to prison, and only one for committing another felony.

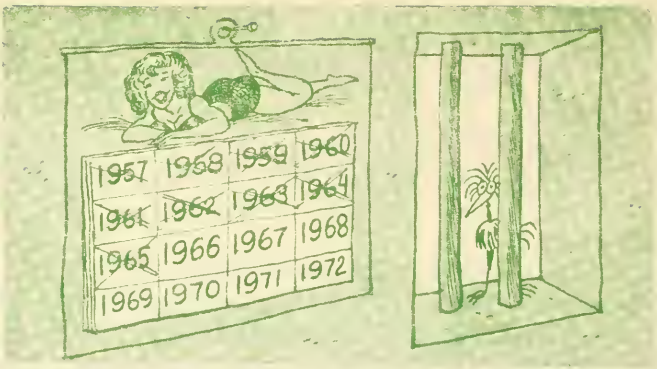
Thus, we find that out of 801 paroled murderers, only 61 had to be returned to prison as parole violators, and only a small number of those for the commission of another felony. Also, it should be noted how many years these men served before they were released from prison.

These are cold, hard facts and are a matter of record. Yet they absolutely contradict the statements of many so-called authorities. The facts just don't jibe with the constant barrage of propaganda to which the public is subjected.

We wonder about the reason for all the twisting and distortion of the truth. Why are many law enforcement agencies and newspaper editors so antagonistic and resentful toward parolees and parole boards? Surely, the common goal is the prevention of crime, and the facts show that parole is a valuable weapon in the rehabilitation of criminal offenders.

Rather than curtailing parole, it should be expanded. If it works on the rather limited scale used at present, there is no good reason why it wouldn't work if the number of parolees were doubled or tripled.

the GAG BAG



Many years ago in one of our toughest prisons, an inmate was not allowed to complain to the Warden unless he had served seven years.

Jackson, whose number was by some small chance 006, made his first complaint after his seven years. "I think the food is very bad," he said to the Warden.

"Okay, Jackson, I'll look into it right away," replied the Warden, and sent for the next man.

After serving another seven years, Jackson again went to the Warden. "I don't think the parole board is any good," he said.

"Okay, Jackson, I'll look into it for you,"replied the Warden once again.

After serving 21 years, Jackson was once more in the Warden's office. The Warden looked up at him, and before Jackson could speak the Warden said: "Jackson, you've been before me twice already, and I don't want to hear what you have to say. All you do is complain. You're getting to be a trouble maker."

"Who's smarter--boys or girls?"
"Girls are smarter in school, but it's for a reason."
"What's the reason?"
"They cheat."

My parole officer informed the board that he thought I was studying art while I was on parole. He said that once while he was talking to me on the phone he heard a voice in the background say,"Draw me another one and put a good head on it this time."

The preacher in a vacation resort church looked over his congregation one August morning and intoned, "I've

been requested to take up a collection for our local Orphan's Home. Please give what you can."

A tired looking gentleman in a front pew spoke up: "I'll give two children."

One of our inmate teachers was admonishing a student for coming in late to class: "Don't you ever listen to the voice of conscience?"

After a moment's hesitation the man replied: "I don't think so--what channel is it on?"

An inmate in the Typing Class was loafing at one of the windows when the supervisor appeared.

"What are you doing here?" barked the supervisor.

"I'm procrastinating," answered the inmate.

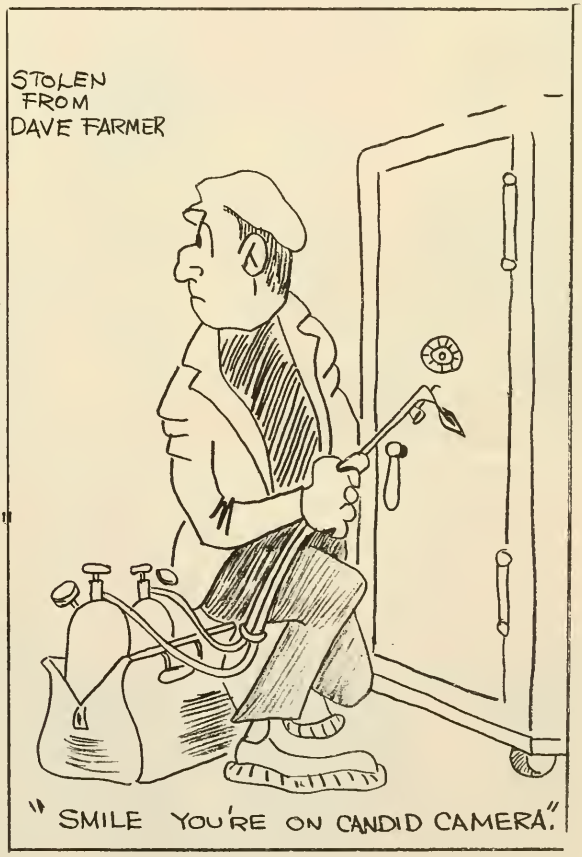
"In that case, okay," said the supervisor. "Just so long as you keep busy."

Mrs.: "They look like a happily married couple, dear."

Mr.: "Yes, dear, but you can't always go by looks. They probably say the same thing about us."

It will make no difference who is first to the moon. The United States will be there first with Foreign Aid.

YOURSELF: The best thing to save for your old age.



HI ROLLER
BY FLETCHER
PAROLE BOARD
PAROLE BOARD
ROBBERY IN 1957, ARSON IN 1960, AND BURGLARY IN 1962! YOU HAVE BEEN CONVICTED 9 TIMES!
YOU HAVE
PAROLES A
OF THE
PAROL
BOARI

OK, ROLLER, YOU'RE NEXT!
THE RECORD SHOWS THAT YOU WERE CONVICTED OF BURGLARY IN 1940..
STRONG ARM ROBBERY IN 1942, ASSAULT IN 1948, FORGERY IN 1950, AUTO THEFT IN 1952, GRAND LARCENY IN 1954...
BEEN GRANTED 7 D VIOLATED ALL ? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
NOBODY'S PERFECT.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The transmission of voices across the oceans is a fairly recent innovation. The world's first transatlantic telephone cable began flashing voices back and forth beneath the sea on September 25th, 1956.

Just how this came about was shown to the inmates of the Montana State Prison on Wednesday, November 9th. A series of slides revealed "the cable's home--the bottom of the sea," "the cable's job--what we want it to do, and how to make it do it," and "the complicated work of laying a cable from the deck of a moving ship." This series of slides was entitled "The Longest Bridge." Further enlightening us was a movie, "C. S. Long Lines"- which revealed to us the work of today's most modern cable ship.

Presenting this program were Mr. Bob Hays of Deer Lodge and Mr. Clarence Foster, Montana Customer Relations Supervisor of the Mountain States Telephone Co. located at Helena. Gentlemen, thank you for a truly educational program.

The Billy Graham Evangelistic Film WIRETAPPER was shown in the Clark Theatre at the Montana State Prison on the afternoon of Monday, November 21st. WIRETAPPER illustrates "the power of God versus syndicated crime." "Indispensible to the masterminds of syndicated crime...

just one step ahead of the police! Electronics was his line and he was making it pay big until...Jim Vaus heard Billy Graham preach a sermon that changed his life." The true life story of Jim Vaus is portrayed graphically so as to never be forgotten. Our thanks go to Mr. Mark Yresley of World Wide Pictures (exclusive distributors of Billy Graham Evangelistic Films) for offering to take time from his busy schedule to bring and show this film, and to Chaplain John E. Rex and Mr. R. L. Dwight, Deputy Warden of the Montana State Prison, for its showing in the theatre.

The Montana State Prison inmates can feel very proud that one of the biggest business ventures in this state is their private property and brain child. What we are speaking about, of course, is the remaking and restoration of broken toys for underprivileged children. When finished and repainted, they are so well restored that it is hard to tell whether they are new or remakes.

Where do these toys go? To state institutions at Boulder, Galen and Warm Springs, and to children in cities and towns all over the state.

Toys are constantly arriving from all over the state. One of our most cooperative helpers in this endeavor is the Elks. The members of these clubs collect broken toys throughout the year to send to our Toy Shop.

Mr. R. L. Dwight, Deputy Warden for the prison, informed this reporter that last year alone over 10,000 large toys, such as bicycles and wagons, were collected, repaired and distributed. It is almost impossible to count the many smaller toys, such as dolls, toy cars, etc. that have also been repaired and distributed, but Santa's shop at the North Pole has nothing on the M. S. P. Toy Shop!

So, a Merry Christmas to all; and kudos to the members of the Toy Shop for a job well done!

There is to be a play put on for Christmas sponsored by Reverend Rex, our Chaplain, and adapted for Christmas by him. The leading players in it, and there are only two, are Len Hammer and Nick Griego. The name of this play is "Not So Wise." It is the story of a Wise Man telling his friend why he went to the Lord's birth. Come and see it, friends!

Christmas You'all

William Rabe

Have you ever stopped to wonder what Christmas might be like if the South had won the Civil War? Jefferson Davis was a man who beleived in the South; he beleived in its culture, traditions and politics. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that he would have made some changes and abolished certain customs that were northern in nature.

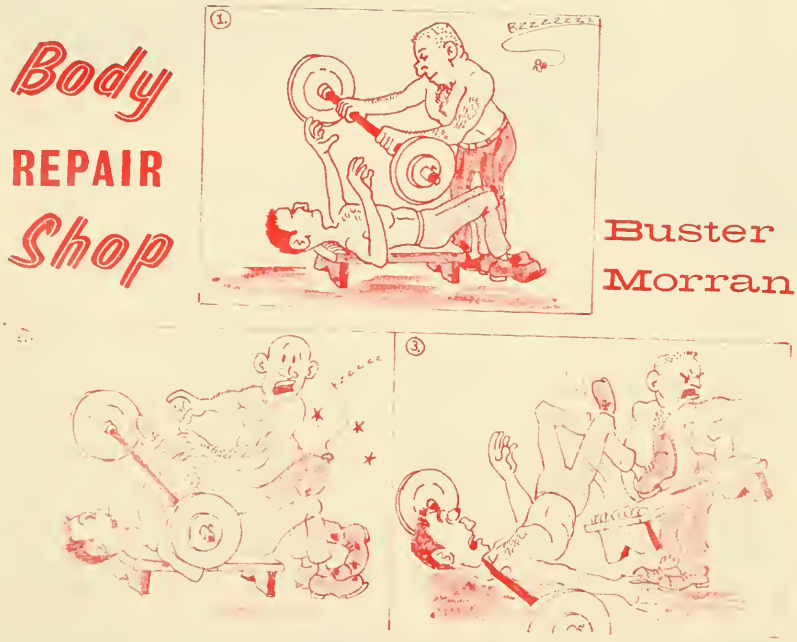
Being known as a man completely dedicated to the South, I imagine that one of his first changes would have been to move Santa Claus and his work shop to the South Pole. This sort of thing could be mildly disconcerting to a lot of people, to say the least. Can you imagine Jolly Old Saint Nick cracking his whip over the heads of six southern mules which were pulling a Southern Chaise Carriage? Sipping a Mint Julep and shouting in a deep southern drawl, "Geddup theuh, you mules! Up, Old Jed! Move you bones theuh, Old Nellie. Get to toting yo lazy old bones or ah'll put you'all back in the cotton patch."

I can see him now, merrily chanting his "Ho, Ho, Ho, you'all" and filling the children's stockings with hominy grits and black - eyed peas. Placing beautifully wrapped Confederate Flags and Anti-Lincoln signs under the gaily decorated honeysuckle tree. Bouncing into the kitchen, destroying Cranberries and other Northern dishes; stuffing the shelves with Sow Belly, Chitlings, Corn Bread, and Sorghum.

Merrily whistling "Dixie," he moves over to the slave

quarters--leaving them presents, new cotton choppers, rakes, hoes, and a leather-bound copy of the Confederate Bill of Rights.

Having completed his night's work, he merrily shouts to his mules, "Let's head down yonder, Old Jed, Old Nellie, and the rest of you wuthless critters. We all did a right smart piece of work and it's time to head back to the old plantation and have a few corn squeezins. Merry Christmas, You'all!"



Gossip from the Body Repair Shop!

The mercury has dropped and there is some snow; however, this cooler weather has not stopped the weight lifters on the strip at M. S. P. We now have between 35 - 40 men participating in this physical fitness program.

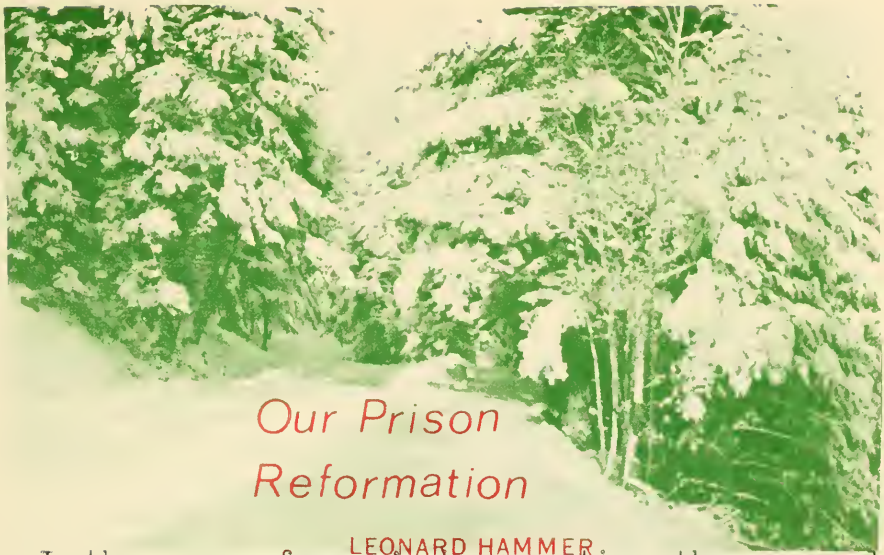
With the new equipment (although we are still short of weights) and the possibility of a new gym in sight, the men have developed a lot of determination. Most of the men are looking forward to the day when the construction of this building will get underway.

Everyone is showing more enthusiasm, looking forward to a brighter and better recreation program in the near

future, so here is a brief run-down on what a few of the boys are doing to keep in shape:

	BODY WEIGHT	BENCH PRESS	SQUAT	DEAD LIFT	SNATCH	CLEAN & JERK	PULL OVER	MILITARY	TOTAL
Patrick Doyle	165	255	260	300	120	195	220	165	1,515
"Butch" Hudson	135	160	220	310			120	100	910
Willie Weinberger	135	250	305	325			150	150	1,180
Fred Romero	140	180						140	320
"Buster" Morran	154	190		200			160	100	650
Russ Northeutt	170	195	160	240				150	745
Ronald Rousey	145	175	135	260				135	705
Nick Sidebottom	163	240	270	350			200	155	1,215
Larry Brown	170	280	220	345	120	160		160	1,285
Rolland Hanley	165	175	200	250		130		120	875
Don Dixson	220	230	425	475		230		190	1,550
Cecil Chappell	178	250	345	505	185	230		185	1,700
Bruce Jones	220	310	367		170	308		290	1,435
Frank Shambo	210	260				200	260	190	910
Byron Gallagher	240	315				260		200	775

P. S. HOT OFF THE PRESS: Wee Willie Weinberger just bench-pressed 250 pound strict! Willie weighs 135 lbs. How about that!!



Our Prison Reformation

LEONARD HAMMER

In the course of a man's incarceration there are multitudes of thoughts that go winging their way through his mind. One that is most important but that never seems to enter into his thoughts is, "What am I doing here?" This is mainly because we have the tendency to put the blame where it does not belong--anyplace but on ourselves. I am quite sure that anyone with one iota of sense realizes that no one twisted our arms to get us to commit the crimes that we did. If one goes a step further and asks himself "What am I doing here?," he will find that it is he himself that brought himself to an institution.

Now, let's go another step and try to realize just what can be done about this. To begin with, it usually takes some prompting by someone else to get us to think in a progressive way, leading us to want to better ourselves and our lives. Who are these people who want to help us? What do they do?

They are staff officials who have the job of trying to help us to help ourselves. There is the prison psychiatrist, the social service worker, and the man in charge of classification and treatment. We ask "Who are these people and what is their angle?" because, to us, it seems that everyone has an angle. Theirs is to do a job and do it well. If they are unable to reach and help someone, to them it seems that they have failed in the pursuit of their trade. Let's take a look at these people.

Mr. B. C. Miles is the Director of Classification and Treatment. His job is mainly to find out just where a man that comes to this institution fits in best so that he can help himself find himself. Perhaps it is schooling that this man may need; or perhaps he should learn a trade. Whatever the need is, that is what Mr. Miles will be trying to find out so that he may act for the betterment of the individual. When the die is cast and the man is led to the road of reformation it is then up to the person himself to prove whether he wants help or not.

Mr. Gordon Faulds is the Director of Social Service. His job is to try to see if he can help the individual in other ways. If the person coming in has family problems, detainers, or wants to have people write to him, Mr. Faulds' department handles this. So, once again the die is cast and it is up to the individual.

Dr. Harry Xanthopoulos, our prison psychiatrist, who comes from the Montana State Hospital in Warm Springs at least once each week, while not a regular member of the institutional staff, gives of his time and energy to help those men that so sorely need help and who have a hard time trying to find their way out of the morass of bitterness and loneliness that is all too often their lot. He comes to the Montana State Prison to hold group therapy sessions, to speak with individuals in private sessions, to evaluate the psychological readiness of men for release to parole, and when he thinks it is needed he will issue medication for certain cases. No one can attend the group therapy sessions for long and remain unmoved--or not helped. So, once again, through the aid of "Dr. X," as we call him, the die is cast and the individual is enabled to start making his own decisions.

One thing to remember is that there is no conflict between custody and treatment. If there was, this program would be doomed to failure before it started. Too many times individuals enter the institution with a feeling of bitterness towards all authority and those who exercise it. Learning to respect authority is one of the main battles all of us must face, whether in the prison or in "free society." Learning how to handle and accept responsibility is a related problem; how can we learn to do this without respect for the authority it entails? We need to learn this lesson well, because we live in a nation of responsible people who govern themselves. To keep both the nation and its people strong and vibrant

it is essential that we learn how to obey and respect authority and then use it wisely. Only in this way do we keep our nation strong and free.

There is a great need here in the Montana State Prison for more psychiatric aid; Warden Ed Ellsworth has stated that a full-time psychiatrist could be kept awfully busy and Dr. X agrees. Handicapped though the prison staff is by this lack, the psychiatrist, social workers, etc., are doing a good job. I am sure that as our needs beforthcoming.

The Shadow, slipping and sliding around, saw William ("Maybe it rhymes with Baby!") Raby inserting his own "Ad" in the Lodgers Ledger for a bottle of sacrificial wine for Christmas. Really Bill, that's been tried before--ask Don "Tom Dooley" Fletcher...Andy (The Wire-tapper) Dietrich trying to build a miniature T. V. set in the School's Electronics Class...Karl "K. W." Wagner doing his best to become a cook?? Really K. W., you know you only excel at making wine!!...Pat ("Mr. America?") Doyle showing his muscles and threatening to be a circus strong-man!...Darrell "Ears" Meadows wagging them and trying to fly...Shades of Dumbo! Who is that calling for Car 32 on Larry (He claims it's Car 64) Dewey's short wave??...Rex ("On Top of Old Baldy") Jensen heard asking Bob ("The Professor") Moore for a toupee for Christmas.. Byron "All American" Gallagher looking forward to a Christmas contract from the Chicago Bears...Nicky Side-

(Surprise!--Next page)

bottom, M. S. P.'s own Job Drop Out...Joe "Mighty Might" Allen telling everyone he's lifting the corner of Tower 7 and going home for Christmas...Robert "Red" Rollins trying to cash one of Turkey Pete's checks...Andy ("I'm the greatest") Anderson learning a trade: "Just call me the Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy!"...Gerald "Skyscraper" Van Nuland threatening that he hasn't stopped growing yet!...John "Indio" Carlson making like Maynard G. Crebbs of Dobie Gillis fame, Beatnik Extraordinary on the ivories...Cecil ("Rudolph Valentino") Chappell overheard singing to his Multilith Machine, "I'm Confessing That I Love You!" Sorry, Buster, you've been jilted by that darned machine again...Leroy "Whirlybird" Kirkland looking for a WHEEL of fortune. Whirly, see Mr. Goren, old friend!...Albert "Mutt" Calf Looking threatening to TAKE OVER the M. P. NEWS editorship!...Eugene "Muldoon--Zeke" Wyatt, M. S. P.'s own Robert Frost, turning purple in the canteen line, unable to compose his lyrics for this edition,says, "I'll warm up yet!"...Big Jim Randall asking Herman "Coh La La!" Cardinal to "Hold my hand" while donating a pint of blood--seems the Shadow heard a rumor Big Jim was prone to fainting spells!!...Ronnie "Short Hand" Wilcox telling a curious person asking what he was writing in Brotherhood,"I'm a secret-ary y'know!" ...Dennis "Canvasback" Kelley retiring with a PERFECT record--no wins, one loss...Cloyse ("I'm gonna shine tonight") Little Light returning to the Typing Class--I told you, you weren't expendable, Cloise!...David ("Nobody loves me! sob!") Youngblood complaining, "Why ain't I ever in the M. P. NEWS?" Perhaps you are expendable...I understand John (Spider) Mantz, has a new honor student. Would you believe R. F.??? Since George LeTourneau has transferred to the hospital the fish are in a world of trouble. MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LEO

BY William Rabe

The three men who remained at the exclusive club over the Christmas holidays were seated in front of the marble fireplace, watching the dancing flames, basking in the warmth and aroma of burning pine tar. They had everything that money could buy; they largely controlled the purse strings of a nation. Hundreds of people sought their favor and patronage, and they should have been happy. But, they were not.

They were not so much lonely as they were bored; they had reached their zenith years before. The passion that had driven them to the top was fading in their twilight years and it was being replaced by boredom. The sound of ticker tapes, which once had caused their blood to race and their eyes to sparkle, no longer stirred their emotions or caused their pulses to increase in tempo. They shared a common feeling of restlessness; they needed to accomplish some new act or deed before they died, or find some outlet for their minds and bodily energies that were being wasted in semi-retirement.

L. P. Magnuson removed his reading glasses, laid down the Wall Street Journal with a sharp slap, and said, "If I had listened to my mother and married that ugly Italian Duchess, at least I might have some grandchildren to comfort me in my old age. I have to admit I am envious of people with a family, especially around Christmas time."

The other two looked up from their magazines, mildly surprised, for L. P. Magnuson, known as Luke to his friends, was commonly accused of being completely void of emotions. He had inherited a huge fortune from his father and with determination, lack of personal feelings toward anyone, and with clever and sometimes ruthless manipulating had increased the fortune many times over. He was short and withered; his hair had turned completely white twenty years before. He looked his age of seventy-two, but there still remained a toughness of body and keenness of mind that was lacking in many men twenty years his junior. The burning intensity of his greenish-grey eyes had faded, but there still remained a spark that could leap into hot flame when fostered by a challenge. He was like a piece of petrified wood--wrinkled and old, but tough and enduring. He continued, "I figured up this afternoon that over the past twenty years I have donated over five million dollars to charities and have never met one of the recipients. I have an idea and would like to hear what you think of it."

J. Belding Thomas, J. B. to his friends, was in physical appearance and personality the complete opposite of Luke. He was large and raw-boned. His round, fleshy face looked younger than his seventy-one years. Despite the flushed appearance, it derived from his habit of drinking a fifth of Scotch every day. He was jolly and robust, liked by everyone and widely known for his generosity. He didn't have to work for his millions--money just came naturally to him; he attracted it like flies to honey. He now commented, "Luke, if you have an idea that will relieve this boredom, I don't even have to hear it; I'm willing to give it a try."

"What about you, George?" Luke asked, turning his attention to the other member of the trio.

George Fox had celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday two days ago. He was polished and refined, a gentleman of the elder statesman type. Having been raised in a puritanical home he retained the teachings of childhood; he was deeply religious, charitable, and fair in his business dealings. He had an air of trustworthiness that he transpired to others, and he was seldom taken advantage of. He was completely and utterly honest, which made him almost unique in the circles he traveled in. He replied to the question, "I would certainly welcome some sort of activity. I have been digesting what you said. I find it fits my situation too. I can't think of a single person that I

know personally who has benefited from my donations. What do you have in mind?"

"Well," Luke began, "for every dollar that I have ever spent I was able to see the result of the expenditure--except for the money I've donated to charities. I've no doubt that in most cases the money was put to good use and I'm sure that someone benefited. But I would like, for once, to do something charitable in a direct way, to eliminate the agencies and be able to see the actual results of my gift."

"I think I know what you mean," J. B. said. "It's like taking a thousand dollars and giving a dollar to a thousand different people; it's spread so thin that no one actually benefits very much. But if you took the thousand and gave it to one person it might do him some good."

"Yes...J. B., that is something like what I had in mind."

"What do you think, George?"

"I think it sounds like a fine idea. I guess we have become a little callous and impersonal in regards to charity. We write out a check and wash our hands of any further responsibility. I'm all for a project such as you mentioned."

"Wonderful!" Luke stated, as a sparkle came to his eyes. "Now, do either of you have any ideas? I know there are thousands of deserving people that need help. I have already donated to various agencies to help them. What I had in mind was to help a person that is strictly undeserving; someone that the rest of the world has crossed off, and see what I can do with him."

"Capital idea!" J. B. exclaimed. "You're absolutely right. Everyone wants to help the deserving but shies away from the undeserving. This will be different, and should be interesting!"

J. B. and Luke turned to George, waiting for his approval.

"Yes...I swear by the saints above, you have come up with a truly Christian idea. It isn't exactly new, you know; Christ practiced this policy, but it will be novel to our day and age. By all means, let's do it."

The unanimous acceptance of the idea created a new atmosphere in the room. The three men were silent--staring into the fireplace, lost in their own thoughts, but some of the stuffiness seemed to leave the room and its occupants. A little more luster and sparkle could be detected in their aging eyes as they reflected the dancing flames. A group of singers were singing carols on the sidewalk below and faint strains of "Silent Night" were blending with the snapping and cracking of the briskly burning fire. A mood of Christmas spirit overwhelmed the atmosphere of loneliness and boredom that had prevailed prior to Luke's inspiration.

J. B. rose and walked to the window to see who was singing. He opened it a crack and the voices filtered in louder, breaking into the thoughts of Luke and George. They joined J. B. at the window.

Peering out, George said, "I believe they are a Salvation Army group. They work with the underprivileged and undesirables; let's talk to their leader and see if he knows of a likely subject."

"Good idea," Luke answered, and looked toward J. B., who nodded in agreement.

Luke rang the service bell, calling a porter, and instructed him to ask the leader of the choir if he could come up and see them. The porter soon returned with a man dressed in a Salvation Army uniform. He was introduced as Captain Small. The porter served hot cocoa to the singers as the trio made known their mission to the Captain. Captain Small sipped his cocoa and listened politely as Luke explained.

"Can you help us?" J. B. inquired as Luke finished the story.

Captain Small smiled as he replied, "I'm sorry to say that I could furnish you with thousands of such individuals on very short notice. Most of the people we deal with are considered undeserving by most and have been rejected from society. My only problem will be in selecting one from so many."

"We would like to have the worst of the lot," George offered.

"Yes..." J. B. interjected, "we want someone that everybody else has given

up on, someone who will give us a real challenge."

"I can certainly furnish you a character of that type," Captain Small said hesitantly, "but,--I hope you gentlemen know what you're getting into! I've been working with this type of individual for twenty years and I am still unable to cope with many of them."

"We might be biting off more than we can chew," Luke said, "but, we would like to try. Our lives have become empty and we are in need of a challenge. I don't like to think that we are doing this just out of boredom though. I would honestly like to help some unfortunate that is down and out to gain a new lease on life. It would give me a good feeling and put a little feeling into Christmas for three old men who have almost outlived their usefulness."

"O. K., gentlemen. I won't try to discourage you further, but I did want to warn you. I think it is a noble thing you are doing and I will help you in any way I can. I had to turn a man out of our shelter this afternoon. He is a real troublemaker. We have had him in and out of our shelters 50 or 60 times over the years and he has always been nothing but trouble. He not only possesses, but he also practices, every vice and sin known to mankind. He is cunning, greedy, deceitful, ungrateful, lazy, dirty, and dishonest to the extreme. The only reason I am going to send him to you is because he has never been violent, and I believe the reason for this is because he is also a coward. He has absolutely no pride whatsoever. He would steal food from a baby's mouth and con a starving grandmother out of her welfare check. He has been in several prisons for various reasons and they only seemed to make him worse. He will drink anything he can get and is very lecherous around women. I've tried to find one good quality about this man, but, so far, have not been able to do so. Gentlemen, if you want me to bring him over to you I will, but you have been properly warned." The Captain concluded and looked to the trio for their reactions to his statements.

"Well, you certainly don't paint a very rosy picture, but I guess we would be getting what we asked for. What do you fellows say?" Luke asked, turning toward his partners.

"Sounds like he will fit the bill," J. B. said. "I'm still for it."

"Yes! In fact I'm more in favor of it than ever," George replied. "I'm curious about this gentleman the Captain described. Surely there must be something good about him."

"I hope you can find it," the Captain responded. "I will bring him over to you first thing in the morning."

They each gave Captain Small a bill of large denomination as he left. They ordered refreshments and discussed their plans for several hours before going to bed. They slept in deep contentment until 9 A. M., which was fortunate for them, for this night was destined to be the last peaceful one for quite some time.

At 9:30 the next morning the trio were enjoying breakfast in the club dining room. The placidity of the meal was suddenly shattered. Captain Small had entered the room, half dragging a violent little derelict. The ragged little weasel-like character was shouting and cursing at the top of his voice, vainly struggling to get loose from the vice-like grip of Captain Small.

The men stopped eating and stared in fascination at the wild scene. They wondered how such a puny little man could make so much noise. As the Captain halted him at the table and shook him into silence the gentlemen were dumfounded. They had never in their combined age of nearly 200 years heard such obscenities.

"Gentlemen," Captain Small stated as he wiped his forehead, "this is Leo. He doesn't use a last name unless it is to forge a check or to apply for welfare. He didn't want to come, because he thought you wanted to give him a job and that would be against his principles."

J. B. was the first to recover from the initial shock. "Glad to know you, Leo," he said. "Won't you sit down and have some breakfast?"

Leo's beady little eyes surveyed the table hungrily. He glanced furtively

at the faces of the three men and the luxurious surroundings and plopped into one of the chairs, reaching for a roll and helping himself to some butter off of Luke's plate--all in one movement.

"Slow down a little, Leo," Luke said. "I'll call the waiter and you can order anything you want."

"You paying for it?" Leo mumbled through a mouth stuffed full of roll and spewing crums over the table and its occupants.

"Yes," Luke answered, brushing the soggy crumbs off of his sleeve. "We will pay for everything. You're welcome to have anything you want; then afterwards, we will have a little talk and discuss your future."

Leo shot out of his chair like it was hot, upsetting a cup of coffee and spilling a glass of orange juice. "I knew there was a catch to it; you creeps are trying to put me to work!"

George, who had led a more sheltered life than the rest, was the last to recover from his abrupt introduction to the seamier side of life. Wiping coffee from his lap, he broke his bewildered silence. "Please,--sit down Mr. Leo. Let us explain. We don't want you to work. We just want to try and help you to overcome your present circumstances. We don't have any work for you, but we are willing to give you a new start in life."

Captain Small pushed Leo back into the chair, "Leo, if you don't sit down there and listen to these gentlemen and keep a civil tongue in your head, I'll see to it that you never set foot inside a Salvation Army shelter again!"

"O. K. I'll listen, but I ain't making no promises to these do-gooder creeps."

Captain Small raised his arm and Leo ducked, spilling another cup of coffee the waiter had just poured. The Captain lowered his arm and looked at Leo, cringing in his chair. He turned his palms outwards and shrugged in resignation and hopelessness. "Gentlemen, at the risk of sounding pompous, I must say--I told you so. I must leave him in your hands now. This is the busiest time of the year for us and I have several pressing appointments."

"Thanks for everything," J. B. said, as he rose and shook hands. The others followed suit and the Captain turned to leave.

"I'll pray for you," he said as he walked out, shaking his head hopelessly.

The gentlemen sat in utter fascination as they watched Leo stuff in mountains of food. His hands worked like pistons shoveling in the food and he swallowed it without chewing. Washing it down with huge gulps of steaming, hot coffee that would have blistered the throat of a dragon, he sopped up some egg yolk with a half slice of toast, stuffed it into his mouth, and swallowed it whole. Then he drank a cup of coffee in one gulp, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, belched, and leaned back rubbing his belly. "That's what I call a real feed," he said. "Any of you creeps got a cigar?"

J. B. produced a leather cigar case and extracted a large, expensive cigar. Leo snatched it out of his hand before he could offer it. He took off the cellophane, sniffed it, pursed his lips, and nodded in approval. He then bit off the end and spit it on the floor. Taking a gold lighter from his pocket, he lit up. "Well, boys, I'm ready to talk, but remember I'm not working to pay for this grub."

J. B. was feeling through his pockets. "Leo, that lighter you just used. It looks just like mine. You didn't happen to pick it up by mistake, did you?"

"You calling me a thief??" Leo shouted, getting out of his chair and glaring belligerently.

"No - No!" J. B. said. "Sit down, I must have left mine upstairs."

"That's better," Leo said. "Just because you rich jerks feed a guy some lousy grub don't give you the right to call him a thief and slander his character. I got rights too, ya know."

Luke faced Leo and said in a stern voice, "Now you listen to us for a minute and don't say a word until we're through." He glared at Leo, using the same scowl that had made Boards of Directors and business magnates shrink to the size of midgets. It seemed to have no effect whatsoever on Leo; he puffed

lazily on his cigar and waved impatiently. "Get talking, buddy. It don't cost me nothing to listen," he said, as he pushed back his chair and placed his feet on the table.

George couldn't take it. He reached over and pushed his feet off the table and said, "Mr. Leo, we do not spit on the floor or put our feet on the table in this club."

Leo focused his beady eyes on George and stated, "Maybe you don't, Buster, but if you want me to listen to you then, by gum, I put my feet where I want to."

"You tell him the story, J. B.," Luke said. "I can't seem to get through to him."

J. B. cleared his throat and explained to Leo what they planned to do for him.

When J. B. finished, Leo just looked from one to the other with contempt. "Do you silly jerks really expect me to go for a story like that. You're looking for some kind of patsy. Well, let me tell you bums something; I'm not falling for it."

George spoke up, "No, Leo, there is no catch to it. Can't you understand that some people give without expecting anything in return?"

"Who you trying to kid! The only thing you will give me is a big fat frame job. You think just because I'm a nobody you can pull something and pin it on me. Well, you can take another guess!"

The three men looked at each other in perplexity.

"I wish Captain Small was still here; he seemed to be able to handle him," George said.

"Maybe he will understand this," Luke said, as he pulled out his wallet and laid five 100 dollar bills on the table.

Leo's beady eyes narrowed to mere slits as he saw the money. He put his feet down and flexed his fingers nervously. "Is that real bread?" he asked, reaching for it.

Luke pulled the money back, out of his reach. "Yes, it's real. And you can have it and lots more just like it if you will just try to be sensible and listen to reason for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir," Leo said, reaching for an ash tray and sitting up straighter in his chair. "I was just kidding you gentlemen a little, to see if you were serious. Now, what did you gentlemen have in mind for me? You can expect my fullest cooperation."

"The first thing is for you to start being honest," George said. "There will be no reason for you to steal because we are going to give you enough money to buy anything you want. So why don't we start by you returning J. B.'s lighter, and put back the silverware that you have in your pocket."

Leo started to protest, but Luke waved the hundred dollar bills and he sat down. He reached into his pockets and pulled out fifteen or twenty pieces of silverware, J. B.'s lighter, Luke's fountain pen, and George's wallet.

"My goodness!" George exclaimed, feeling his empty pocket. "When did you get that?"

"That's a trade secret," Leo said. "I was going to give it all back anyway. Just wanted to see if you gentlemen could take a joke."

"O. K.," Luke said. "You've found out that we can, so you don't need to test us any more. Let's get started on your transformation. First, we'll get you down to a tailor and get you fitted with some good clothes. Bromfield, one of our members, is gone to Europe and won't be back for a couple of months. So you can stay in his suite for the time being. Are you ready to start acting like a gentleman?"

"If that is what you jerks, er, - ah - gentlemen want, then that is what I'll be. Let's go get those new duds."

New clothes, a haircut and general body overhaul made Leo look a little less like a weasel, but he still retained a certain sneaky, sly look that could not be removed or covered up. After moving out Bromfield's possessions, they moved Leo into a luxurious suite of rooms on the second floor of the

club. They filled the closets and drawers with new clothes and provided him with all the accessories: wristwatch, toilet articles, colored TV, portable bar, diamond ring, and anything else they could think of. Leo accepted it all as his just due and became more overbearing by the minute.

The weeks that Leo had been there were anything but uneventful! He kept the whole club in a constant state of uproar with his wild drinking and complete disregard of courtesy towards people and their property. The three gentlemen had held a meeting after the third day and almost agreed to junk the whole project and have Leo sent to some remote island in the Pacific. But they had not reached their present stations in life by being quitters, so they stifled their impulse and kept to the task. At least they had overcome their restlessness and boredom. It seemed Leo never slept. He was on the prowl day and night. He ordered the porters, waiters, and houseboys around like they were slaves. He continued to snuff out his cigars by grinding them into expensive carpets with his heel, until they threatened to remove all the booze from the premises. They gave him a hundred dollars a day spending money, but he still couldn't stop stealing. Everything that was small enough to carry and was of any value ended up in a pawn shop. J. B. had located the shop and made arrangements with the owner to keep the items to one side for him so he could buy them back later.

Leo was just as loud and obstrusive as ever, but not quite so vulgar--at least when George was around. George had lost his temper one day during one of Leo's vulgar outbursts and had hit him with his cane. It was difficult to tell who was most surprised by the act, George or Leo, but it stopped Leo from cursing in George's presence.

It was Christmas eve and the three gentlemen were seated in front of the fireplace. Leo had left the club, roaring drunk, about two hours before and they were hoping that he would get arrested so they could spend a peaceful evening.

George was speaking, "I'm afraid that Captain Small was right. I have really tried, but I haven't been able to find a good quality in Leo. Sometimes I get the feeling he isn't human--that he is some kind of animal and belongs in a cage."

"I have to agree with you," Luke said. "I have never heard him say 'please' or 'thank you'; I don't believe he knows the words exist."

"He hasn't taken a bath since the first day, when we cleaned him up," J. B. offered.

"I looked in his desk drawer the other day and I found sheets of paper covered with our signatures. He has been practicing so he can forge our names. I swear that I couldn't tell whether it was my signature or not unless I examined it real close," George related.

"We have to get him out of the club before the members start coming back from holiday vacations," Luke said. "I was hoping to have him domesticated enough so he could stay until Bromfield returned, but I can see now it is hopeless."

"I believe I could go on with our project if it wasn't for those friends he keeps dragging up here. I was never so embarrassed in my life as I was the night the police raided us; and think of the reputation of the club! If I hadn't given that nice policeman 5000 dollars it would have been in all the papers."

"I'm sorry to tell you this, George, but that raid was phoney. Leo set it up himself with some friends of his just to extort money out of you," Luke said.

George looked amazed. "But why!!! We give him all the money he needs. All he has to do is ask for it. Why would he do a thing like that?"

"Why does he steal all the silver and other valuables from the club? Why does he want to forge our names when he doesn't have to? Because he doesn't want to be anything different from what he is. He likes being an animal in the jungle. Stealing, lying and cheating is his way of life. I don't think he could be happy unless he was doing them," J. B. answered.

"Well," Luke said, "it was my idea in the first place, so I guess it is up to me to come up with something to end this. Leo has served a purpose; he taught us that we can't always change a man with money, and that we can't force our ideals, principles or way of life on someone that doesn't want to accept them. He has also shown us the other side of the ledger, the side of the ledger that is haphazardly filled with specimens of humanity, not neat rows of figures and dollar signs. But it is still part of the overall picture and has to be taken into consideration in the final accounting." Luke paused for a moment before continuing. He could tell by the expressions of J. B. and George that they agreed with him. "I realize now that we can't help Leo, because he doesn't need any help, at least not from his point of view. He is doing what he wants to do. In my opinion he is a louse, but that is what he prefers to be and until he wants to change there isn't a thing we can do about it. All we have done so far is make him a better dressed louse. Don't get me wrong--I don't regret a minute of it; by trying to help him we have learned some valuable lessons that will make our reclining years a little easier for us to live."

"What are we going to do with him, just throw him back to the gutter?" George asked.

"No, I don't think that would be the thing to do. He has been thrown out of every place he's ever been, including society. He distrusts everyone and everything; let's not disappoint him and let him leave here believing there are some square shooters left in the world. Something like that may crush him. What do you say we frame him? I believe he said the first day we met that we are trying to make a 'patsy' out of him. Well, let's do just that! Then he can leave here believing in himself and the philosophy he has chosen to live by."

"Great!" J. B. exlaimed.

George was a little more hesitant to support the idea. "Isn't that against the law?" he inquired.

"I guess it is," Luke said, "but I talked to Detective Williams and explained the whole deal to him. He says if we plant something on him, like George's cigarette lighter, he will grab him as he leaves the house. He will charge him with petty larceny and Leo will get 30 days in the county workhouse. I have also arranged for him to steal a wallet with five thousand dollars in it and a one-way ticket to Los Angeles the day that he is released from jail. Detective Williams has been trying to get him out of town for years. He says that if Leo thinks he is beating somebody by using the ticket, he'll use it."

"Well, if the police know about it I guess it will be all right. When are we going to do it?" George asked.

"When would be a better time than tonight?" asked Luke. "It's Christmas Eve. Leo expects us and all the rest of the world to be crumbs. Framing him on Christmas Eve should strengthen his beliefs."

"I've heard some of your business rivals say that you are a hard man, Luke. I can see now why they have that opinion. But I'm all for it. What about you, George?"

"Yes, let's get it over with. I don't think we will be hurting him a bit. In fact, I think he will enjoy the thirty days. Think of all the cursing he will be able to do, and for once he will be in jail for something that he is innocent of. This should motivate his imagination, and maybe he can come up with some new swear words."

"Then it is settled," said Luke. "I now suggest that we don't waste our experience. Let's contact Captain Small and help some deserving people. And let's not just limit it to the Yuletide Season; let's make it a year around project."

J. B. handed them each a large glass of brandy. "Gentlemen, I will drink to that, and I wish you both a Merry Christmas. I propose a toast to the man who made this a Christmas to remember and will make our future Christmases more meaningful. Gentlemen, let's drink to Leo!"

Foster Parents

The Foster Parents Program is a world wide organization and lists many prisons, fraternities, sororities, colleges, schools, and prominent people among its contributers. It costs $180.00 per year to support a child This money is spent in part for food, clothing, school equipment, etc.

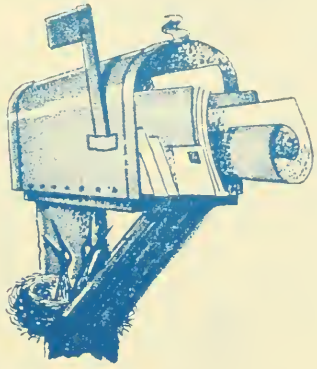
When we introduced this program here three years ago last November, we obtained $532.05 in our initial drive for funds. Since we obtained this much money so easily we decided that it would be possible to support two of these children with money left over to send them Christmas, birthday presents and a balance left for emergency needs.

We were assigned a Greek boy, Stephen Kalaitzidis, and a Filipino girl, Teresita Estacio.

Eventually the boy's family's finances improved to the extent that Foster Parents help was no longer needed. We were then assigned another Greek boy, Savvas, whom we have supported along with the original Filipino girl for the past year. Now we have received word a few days ago that Savvas is no longer in need of help.

The past month the annual drive for money for this program was in full force with Dennis Wetzel recording the returns on that familiar chart on the Messhall bulletin board. $155.95 was collected from inside the walls and $132.25 from Rothe Hall. This makes $288.20 donated to this cause this year.

We feel that it would be better to devote all our time and money in caring for only the Filipino girl, Teresita, rather than adopting another Greek boy. This means that we can do a good job of caring for her and be able to purchase more for her in the line of school supplies, birthday presents, etc. Speaking of presents, the picture below displays a portion of the presents purchased for Teresita this Xmas. This assortment includes shampoos, toilet articles, comb and brush set, sacks of candy, handkerchiefs, a small purse, and other goodies. We thank that gracious lady in Social Service, Mrs. Lightfoot for buying these items on her time off.



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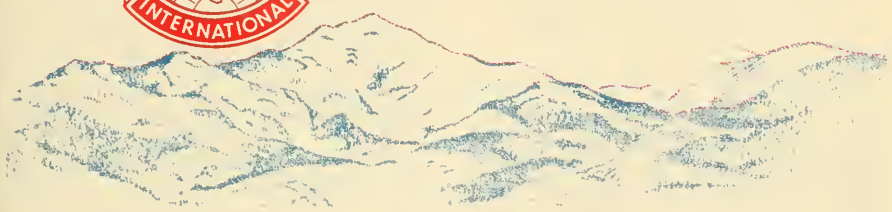

DECEMBER 1966
Lawrence Morran, Editor
MONTANA STATE PRISON

TOASTMASTERS ANNIVERSARY

November 25th, 1962 is the Charter Birthday of Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141. Because this date always comes on or near the Thanksgiving Holiday, it has been our practice to celebrate our anniversary by holding an Anniversary Speak-Off midway between Thanksgiving and Christmas, to which we invite Toastmasters Clubs from Butte, Helena, Missoula, and other Western Montana towns. At the time of this writing this contest has not yet taken place. (We anticipate reporting on this in the January newsletter.)

The past four years have been sometimes hectic, but always fruitful. Our membership continues to vary from year to year--but we all notice the marked improvement each person makes between the time he first attends our meetings and the time he is allowed a parole or leaves us due to discharge.

WINTER SCHEDULE

With the return to our winter schedule, the club found a "boom" in membership applications and more visitors from inside the walls. New members in the club include Ben Lodge Robert Olson, Eddie Sheppard, John Thurston, Clayton White Cloud, and Eddie Matt. Welcome to the club, fellows.

Besides the above, an unknown number of visiting inmates seems to indicate that "boom" is assured to continue. Part of the reason for this is due to the interest sparked by our return to the winter schedule. In the summer months we allowed each member to deliver five-minute extemporaneous speeches; in the winter schedule there are six Main Speeches (prepared in advance of the meeting) and Table Topics. Table Topics are two-minute extemporaneous speeches in answer to an assigned topic; they generally create a lot of interest, surprises and humor. Every person who has no assignment as either a main speaker or evaluator (judge) is assigned one of these topics, which range from flying saucers to solving the problems of the President of the United States.

VOCAL VARIETY

(Editor's Note: In the last issue of our newsletter we listed exercises that may be used to develop a good speaking voice. We continue these exercises in this issue;remember that these exercises are aimed at helping

you to help yourself. They take practice, but they can be fun too. Try them and see!)

4. "What's the use of all this talk about vocal variety? When I have anything to say, I just blaze away and say it. If folks don't like my voice, or what I have to say to them, then to thunder with the whole business! I haven't time to monkey with it."

Turn yourself loose on this one. Try to express all the disgust and irritation implied in the words.

5. "I'll show you how to get vocal variety. Here is a simple sentence: 'I think my voice is all right.' I am going to repeat it five times, emphasizing a different word each time. Watch the difference when the emphasis is changed."

This time, you are posing as a teacher. Show the others how to do it

6. "The greatest happiness in life is the conviction that we are loved--loved for ourselves, or rather, in spite of ourselves. For a true friend is one who loves us, even when he knows how weak we are."

Read this one smoothly, with attention to pauses. Where do you find the point of climax?

7. "What's the matter with this fellow? Why, he's drunk! Drunk--and at this early hour of the evening! What sort of fix will he be in by midnight? If he could only see himself as others see him when he is under the influence, he would never touch another drop of liquor so long as he lives!"

You may try to put some disgust or surprise into your voice this time. Notice the importance of the pause, and of the climax.

8. "I may be right. I may be wrong. But there are the facts as I see them, gentlemen. That is my story, and I propose to stand by it."

This one is a little harder to do well. Put yourself into the place, and try to get the note of finality into your voice.

9. "What's the good of money if it isn't to help a friend when he needs help? I believe in friends. Here we go hopping around in this world for a little time, and then it's all done. If you haven't any friends for the trip, you will have a pretty rotten time of it, I say."

Get contrast into the two parts of this exercise.

10. "I have seen war. I have seen war on land and sea. I have seen blood running from the wounded. I have seen the dead lying in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed, children starving. I hate war! I have passed hours unnumbered, thinking and planning how war may be kept from this nation."

"A monotonous, droning voice spoils the best speech."

"Put a smile into your voice if you would win your audience."

Essentials

1. Deep breathing.
2. Relaxed throat muscles.
3. Correct tone placing.
4. Careful enunciation.
5. Sincere feeling.

"Voice gestures are as important as any other gestures--even more important than many."

But underneath the voice gestures must be the good voice, resonant, flexible, well-placed, filled with sincerity.

Toastmasters International

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SECRETARIAL CHANGE

With the departure of James Froh to Rothe Hall it became necessary to elect a new Secretary to complete his term. Elected was Lawrence "Buster" Morran. He will serve as Secretary until our election of April, 1967.

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GREETINGS

The members of Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141 wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a joyful New Year. May your future days be full of all those things which make for peace and good will!

BROTHERHOOD

Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana

DECEMBER 1966
Ronald Wilcox, Editor
MONTANA STATE PRISON

BROTHERHOOD MEMBER HONORED

The November 13th edition of The Pentecostal Evangel, official voice of the Assemblies of God, carried a complete article in honor of the late Wilburn A. Nelson, who passed on to glory on September 2nd, 1965. Written by the Rev.Mr. Paul R. Markstrom, National Prison Chaplain, the article contained the following:

Following salvation, Wilburn sought to serve his fellows by being a living testimony of God's redeeming power. His colleagues honored his devotion by electing him teacher of a Bible study group. He held important offices in the institutional Alcoholics Anonymous group, the Toastmasters Club, and the Brotherhood.

During the summer of 1965 his health failed, and the doctors diagnosed his illness as cancer of the liver. His faith in God and peace of heart remained constant. A few days before Wilburn Nelson died, Governor Tim Babcock granted him a pardon.

Wilburn's life and death made a powerful spiritual impact on the population of the Montana State Prison. His fellow inmates dedicated the following poem to him:

Footprints

I walked the road to sorrow,
A road so dark with care,
So lonely, I was certain
That no one else was there.

But suddenly around me
Were beams of light stretched wide,
And then I saw that Someone
Was walking by my side.

And when I turned to notice
This road which I had trod,
I saw two sets of footprints--
My own . . . and those of God.

--Author Unknown

Wilburn Arthur Nelson was the winner of the Distinguished Service Award for 1965 presented posthumously, with Ed Ellsworth Jr., warden, accepting the award for the Nelson family. The following eulogy was given as the award was presented:

"It is said that a man is always tallest when he is kneeling. In this case I can see where this is true, because Wilburn A. Nelson was a deeply religious man, and he was most certainly a head taller than most.

"Wilburn was doing a lot of time, and God knew he was carrying a heavy cross; yet he still had time and, more important, the will to help others. I don't know of a man who ever came to Wilburn who didn't receive the help he asked for."

ANNIVERSARY

As the Christmas holidays approach, the Brotherhood celebrates not only the birth of "the one who is closer than a brother," but five years of active service. While the idea of forming a"Christian men's fellowship" had been advocated as early as September 1961, it was not until the last week in December of that year that the Brotherhood was officially founded and the first slate of officers was elected. One interesting item about this is that both of the charter members who were the club's first candidates for President, Harry Gregg and Larry Dewey, are still two of our most active members. Nearly all of the other charter members have been released to parole or discharge; this

transition of membership is the usual with us. Each new year sees our units with over a fifty per cent change in membership over the previous year. In the past five years this membership has fluctuated--the lowest attendance being six present during one meeting and the highest being over the hundred mark; the present membership of the Inside Unit is averaging between thirty to forty members. This year, as we approach our club's birthday, we renew our covenant to offer Christian service to our fellow inmates thru FAITH, FELLOWSHIP and FUN.

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CHANGES OF OFFICERS

The Inside Brotherhood is experiencing a rapid series of Executive Committee transitions. Patrick Herrmann, elected Vice President on September 27th, resigned from office due to a conflict in his boxing schedule and President John Compton appointed Joe Brush to fill the vacancy. Then Joe Brush left for parole and John Compton appointed our past-President, Joe Johnson, to fill the vacancy. The Classification Board then classified John Compton a trusty and he left the grey stone walls of M. S. P. This boosted Joe Johnson up to the President's position. On November 22nd President Johnson appointed Nicolas Griego as the Inside Unit's Vice President for the remainder of the Quarter, which ends December 27th.

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BROTHERHOOD GUESTS

October 16th saw a guest speaker at both the Inside and Rothe Hall Protestant services. Rev. Jack Albanese, prison mission preacher of the Assembly of God in Great Falls, delivered a Spirit-filled message that was truly Gospel-powered.

October 25th saw Rev. Tom Best, an Episcopal priest from Kalispell, spending a quiet evening sharing some thoughts with us on the Christian's approach to life and death.

Rev. Robert C. King, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montana located in Helena, shared his fellowship with the Inside Unit on November 1st.

On November 15th, Brother Hugh Croughan and Brother Orval Lancaster of the Anaconda Baptist Church drove down to share in a program concerning the Montana Junior Citizens' Camp. Rev. I. M. Nelson, pastor of the Deer Lodge Christian Church conducted the program, showing a movie on the camp. Sponsored by the Montana Council of Churches and the Montana Baptist Assembly, this camp (held at Temple Hills, south of Livingston) is designed for boys and girls 11-14 years of age who have been adjudged delinquent or who are pre-delinquent and aims at helping them with their social and emotional behaviour problems.

Rev. Jay Confair, Chaplain at the Montana State Hospital in Warm Springs, was our guest on the evening of November 29th. He spoke on "Our Human Frustrations." Following the talk was a lively discussion period.

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CONCERNING THE HOLY SPIRIT

Dr. Frank Laubach's experience with the Holy Spirit turned him around and sent him out to become the world's literacy teacher. This is how he accounts for the phenomenon.

When Christ was here on earth (Dr. Laubach says), He was limited to performing His ministry in one place and at one time. He was one man, walking beside one sea in one little corner of the earth. He healed whatever He touched,but His touch was necessarily limited by time and by space.

Now, does it make sense that the Father would send His Son for this limited ministry? I don't think that is tenable. He made provision to carry on the work through the Holy Spirit: we are to complete His mission. We are His multiplied hands, His feet, His voice and compassionate heart. Imperfect and partial to be sure, but His healing Body just the same. And it is through the Holy Spirit (Christ's love which is everywhere at once), that we receive the power to carry on the work of apostles. It is a challenging and sobering thought: when we receive the Holy Spirit into our lives, we receive the same urgent and life-giving force that led our Master.

They Speak With Other Tongues

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May our Lord bless you with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Box 7,
Deer Lodge,
Montana
59722

Greetings

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